

10 Ea  
A. 1685.  
A  
DISCOURSE

On the

Memory of that Rare  
and truely Virtuous  
Person

Sir Robert Fletcher

OF

SALTOUN:

Who died the 13. of *January* last,  
In the thirty ninth year of his Age.

*Written by a Gentleman of his  
Acquaintance.*

2 Sam. 3. 38.

*Know ye not there is a Prince and a Great  
Man fallen this day in Israel.*

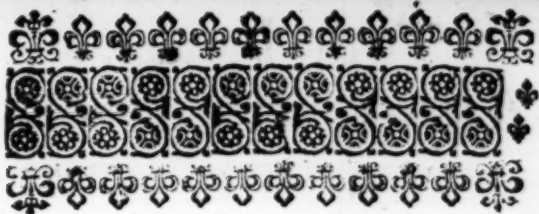
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TO THE  
READER.

**S***uch is the Force  
and Tyranny of  
Custome, that  
Somewhat must  
be prefixed to the follow-  
ing Discourse.*

*The Occasion was told  
in the preceeding Page:  
At which time Love and*

## To the Reader.

*Regrate, were bringing to the Authors Remembrance, many Instances of that Excellent One his Worth and Virtue.*

*He feared least in that Croud, many precious Reliques of his dear Friend might be lost. He thought therefore, that to digest them into a Regular Composure, would be the surest course to preserve them.*

*In which attempt, He had also an eye at the satisfacti-*

## To the Reader.

*tisfaction of some Others,  
but did intend nothing lesse  
than the Presse. Else may  
be He would have been  
more Backward in it.*

*It was in hast He wrote  
it : and you have it here  
with the same defects,  
which at first dropt with  
it from the Authors Pen :  
for neither his Leisure, nor  
his Humour, could well al-  
low him a serious Review  
of it. Only some Amend-  
ments were made by the  
Pen*

To the Reader.

*Pen of another : Yea, He could heartily wish, it had been guilty of greater Errors and Faults ; That so, both It and He might have been excused from this Pennance, which the Importunities of Others, to whom neither the Design nor Discourse was unpleasing, hath enjoyned.*

*If the Undertaking be thought Unusual, all the Answer intended for That is, The Person was Extraordinary. Some*

## To the Reader.

*Some will, may be, say  
too Much is said of Him.  
Well! But Others think  
there is too Little. And  
I know, with great Truth,  
More might have been  
said.*

*Some will call it too  
Flaunting, Others, too  
Flat: The Author knows  
of a Sanctuary from all  
Censures, that is, a Care-  
lesse Indifferency.*

*Maybe it will find fa-  
vourable Reception with  
some,*

## To the Reader.

Some, if it be not more Unfortunate in Print, than it was in Writ. Sure it will not be unwelcome to those to whom that Rare Person was not Unknown. For as in the absence of the Sun, these Rayes which are reflected, though from the uneven and spotted surface of the Moon, are not ungratefull: So that shining Soul being now gone from our Horizon, This Representati-  
on

## To the Reader.

on of Him, although the Rude Essay of an unpolisht hand, will not be disdained, except in spite that so good a **T**hem should be ill managed. **T**he Author will detain you no longer: but leaves the Discourse to your Perusal, and Himself to your Charity, And so bids you Farewell.

---

**B**

**A**

To the Reader.

and I am, although the  
 effects of an im-  
 perfect will not be dis-  
 tinct, yet in high  
 and good I should  
 still remain. I am  
 as now with you as  
 before, but I leave the  
 thought to your Power,  
 and I trust to your Cha-  
 rity, and to his you have  
 with.





A  
**DISCOURSE**

On the  
**Memory of that Rare  
and truely Virtuous  
Person**

**Sir Robert Fletcher**

O F  
**SALTOUN.**

♦♦♦♦♦ A ♦♦♦♦♦  
**S** a River when cut  
♦♦♦♦♦ in many Streams,  
loseth in strength though  
it abound in Channels:

B 2

So

2     *On the Memory of*

So *Mankinde* becoming  
fruitful, hath multiplied,  
by those many produ&ti-  
ons & diffusions of Hu-  
manity; mean while the  
Vigour of the Rational  
Soul, hath suffered great  
Decaies, and by a daily  
and lasting Degeneracy  
is mouldred almost to  
nothing. So that how-  
ever the Face of the whole  
Earth, be covered by  
Swarmes of Men; Yet  
most of them are of that

Tem-

*Sir Robert Fletcher.* 3

Temper, that nought but  
their Shape doth entitle  
them *Such*. Their *Spirits*  
are so emasculate, their  
*Strength* and *Vigour* so  
effoeted: That save a  
*Skelete*, nothing of a Man  
shall be found amongst  
whole *Droves* of Mor-  
tals. Yet in this Rable,  
there are some *Erected*  
*Souls*, who like *Saul* a-  
mongst the *People*, are  
from the *Shoulders* up-  
ward higher than the *Rest*.  
Shall

4 *On the Memory of*

Shall One of these engage in the search of more of his Kind, long will he weary himself with fruitlesse labour, ere he espy a person truely Virtuous: But if He discover any such, Suddenly that sight will snatch him to Admiration, and anon fix him to Attention. With what pleasure will He consider all the Treats of these wel-featured souls? Whose Beautified looks  
will

*Sir Robert Fletcher.* 5

will quickly conquer the hearts of all true Judges thereof. Hence followeth such an Union of Noble Minds, that no Force nor Craft can untie the Knot, which their entangled Affections co-operating have sublimated beyond the Bond of ordinary friendship, into that of Indissoluble love. Whence flow the truest Joyes that Frail Mortality is capable of.

But

6    *On the Memory of*

But while this *Pair*  
of *Souls* ( or rather *One*  
enlivning *Two Bodies* )  
does grasp one another  
in the closest Embraces,  
and with a Disdainfull  
Smile laughs at Misfor-  
toun, as not within its  
reach : Like a Ship car-  
ried by the prosperous  
gales of a Favourable  
Wind, through smooth-  
ed Waves to the desired  
Harbour. Lo, of a sud-  
den the sturdy blasts of  
boiste-

Sir Robert Fletcher. 7

boisterous storms, together with the swelling Billows of an enraged Sea, will force those, whose hopes had set them beyond danger, to their *Long Home* amidst the *Waters*. Thus *Divine Providence*, not allowing us *Repose* while *here below*, having reserved our *Happinesse* for *another State*, when nothing can undoe that entangled Knot; in a trice, Deaths dividing Sword is sent to

C

cut

8    *On the Memory of*  
cut it: The *Halfed Soul*  
finding it self fallen from  
its rest and Felicity, into  
a gulf of misery, will fill  
Heaven and Earth with  
the doleful resentments  
of its Desolation and  
Woe.

**B**Eing now, by a sad  
Arrest, widowed of  
Him, whose Charming  
Conversation hath so oft  
relieved and refreshed  
us, by the delights of  
many a pleasant hour: It  
is



*Sir Robert Fletcher.* 9

is but just we pay to his  
Memory, the Tribute of  
a Tear, and besprinkle  
his Hearse with such fra-  
grant flowers , as may  
make Others relish that  
wherewith vve have been  
much glutted yet vvith-  
out hazard of loathing.

Descend we then into  
a Charnel-house and in  
this Mournfull Vault  
may we see the Ruines  
of a Noble Fabrick,  
which the Hands of the  
Great Archite& had rear-

10    *On the Memory of*

ed up: But nowv the  
Soul is dislodged, the  
House unfurnisht, and  
the Structure fallen to  
the Ground. If to a  
searching eye, there ap-  
peared in Him, an un-  
fampled glory, even  
while He was in His tra-  
velling cloaths; Sure  
now, vwhen apparelled  
with the Garments of  
Salvation, he shines with  
a lustre bright and ori-  
ent. While he sojourn-  
ed here on Earth vvith  
us,

*Sir Robert Fletcher.* II

us, he knew his Soul was sequestred for Heavens service: and hating Sacrilege too much, he would not invade Gods Propriety, nor bestow it on prophane uses; But payed his Love and Obedience in a constant Annuity to Him whose right it was. And having the stock, His Soul, ever in his hands to yeeld up when demanded, The terme is now come and the sum payed, which  
was

12 *On the Memory of*

was so vast that it hath impoverished us all, even to the point of being bankrupt; for, *There is a Prince and a great Man fallen this day in Israel.*

A Sublime Mind joyned with a Noble Extraction doth justly entitle one Great: Begin we then with the latter of the two. If we consult the *Lyon* of the Tribe of *Judah*, He will tell us that in true Heraldry the noblest descent is Heavens Pedegree;

Sir Robert Fletcher. 13

gree ; Each of whose  
off-spring resembleth the  
Children of a King.

*Titles of Honour* among  
Men are but a mean peice  
of Pageantry: the Blason  
of whose Coats in Solo-  
mons stile, is, *Vanity of  
vanity, all is vanity*; being  
a borrowed light, as that  
of the Moon, which  
when it shineth most  
brightly, doth most dis-  
cover its conspicuous  
spots. Can the Glory  
of an Ancestour, ascribed  
him

14 *On the Memory of*  
him many times for an  
Action in it self not Ju-  
stifiable, and eclipsed ra-  
ther than decored by the  
intervention of many  
degenerating Descents,  
add ought of real worth  
to any ? Whence doth  
the Root of Earthly  
Honour spring, but  
from Earth ? What  
though the *Pretenders to*  
*Nobility* could ascend in  
their Genealogies to *A-*  
*dam* ? Sure, there would  
they terminate, even *in*  
*red*

Sir Robert Fletcher. 15  
*red Earth.* But to be the  
*Son of God* is an Original  
so noble and sublimely  
Divine, that the desire of  
being accounted such, did  
make the *Heathens* so to  
*begod themselves*, that  
could they but derive  
their descent from a **G**od  
they were content to do  
it by *Histories*, that not  
only degraded them from  
the dignity of being such,  
but immersed them into  
a gulf of **E**ternal Infamy  
and imprinted on their  
D Me-

16 *On the Memory of*  
Memories such *Characters of Disgrace*, as, in succeeding ages could never be defaced. In what a *Goatish shape* do the fables represent their *ador'd Jupiter*? Did not the *Grecian Conquerour* conquer his Reason by his Pride, in conceiting himself the *Son of Jupiter Hammon*?

But *Christianity* hath taught us that as *all Souls* are first the *Breathing of the Divine Spirit*, So by the power of that same  
Eter-



Sir Robert Fletcher. 17

Eternall Spirit vve are  
born again, not of *Cor-*  
*ruptible Seed*, but of *In-*  
*corruptible* by the Word  
of God, *which liveth and*  
*abideth for ever.*

The Spirit of this *Iust*  
*Man now made perfect*,  
would stoop to no Mea-  
ner state: But by a raised  
and noble Ambition, did  
choose for his Branch,  
Him that *growes out of*  
*the roots of Jesse.* Which,  
as it taught him such a  
Contempt of that which

18    *On the Memory of*  
the World calls *Honour*,  
as being but a *Gilded*  
*Rattle* for Children to  
play with; So it scarce  
permitted him to bestow  
on the *Worlds* greatnesse,  
so much as a *Reverent*  
*Thought*. Yea, it was to  
him a *Pennance*, and that  
none of the least, to con-  
verse with those, to whose  
state and rank Civility  
commanded respect to be  
payed, when a *Virtuous*  
and *Rational* Soul did  
find nothing in their per-  
sons

*Sir Robert Fletcher.* 19

sons that merited esteem.

This he often complain-  
ed off, as one of the great  
**T**oiles of his life, to find  
discourse and entertain-  
ment fuitable to the mis-  
shapen and bedwarfed  
souls of our Gentry.

Who like *Umbrelloes* of  
true **W**orth swarme eve-  
ry where, and bate foul-  
ing, **G**aming and the **P**ed-  
ling affairs of the world,  
understand nothing ei-  
ther of their *Maker*, or  
of his *Works*. But how  
pleased

20 *On the Memory of*

pleased was he in the conversing with and cherishing, of such as carried *Heavens Liveray*, and were begotten to the *Image of God*: Those Excellent Ones were They, in whom was all his Delight, how mean soever their Condition in the World had been. In such company *Time* did seem to fly, howbeit at other occasions it seemed to crawl like a Snail. With *Them* Midnight was past,  
ere

*Sir Robert Fletcher.* 21

ere he would believe it to be *Late*. With others the first approaches of *Darknesse* were taken for *Night*. With those he complained of *Night*, as the *Interrupter* of his *Quiet*; willing rather to deny his body *Rest* than his Mind *Repose*. With *These* he waited for the shadows of the *Evening*; even more than the *Watchman* doth for the dawning of the *Day*. And therefore it is  
but

22 *On the Memory of*  
but just we conclude,  
That, *There is a Prince*  
*and a great Man fallen*  
*this day in Israel.*

There is no grosser  
*Solæcism*, than an *Ignoble*  
*Prince*: To be the *degene-*  
*rous brat* of an *Illustri-*  
*ous Parent*, is as great a  
*Reproach* as the foulest  
mouth can devise. A *low*  
*and mean Soul*, set in a  
*high rank*, is, as an *Ape*  
upon a *Pole*. Yea, as a  
small Imperfection, in an,  
otherwise rare and *Well-*  
*featured*

Sir Robert Fletcher. 23

*featured Beauty*, will be espied by all; when the same, if not a greater defect would in an Ordinary face passe unregarded: And the *Stumblings of Princes* will be marked in History, when the *falls of their Subjects* will be ingulfed in Oblivion: So, when a Soul, by the dispensation of God, comes to be exalted into a *Higher region*, How unseemly will it be for *such a one* to  
E trip?

24 *On the Memory of*  
trip? especially confide-  
ring that thereby, the  
Wicked get occasion to  
Blaspheme the Name of  
God, and load Virtue  
with obloquy; And the  
*sincere and tender hearted*  
*Christian* is much scanda-  
lized. Nor is it only  
*Unbecoming* but questi-  
onlesse perilsome, seeing  
the *jealous* God by His  
All-seeing eye observes  
well the Motions of his  
own, and accounts those  
errours, which by a holy  
con-



*Sir Robert Fletcher. 25*

connivance, he may wink  
at in others, in **Them**,  
*crimes deserving chastise-*  
*ment.*

*The true Grandieur of*  
*a Soul then, is the E-*  
*merging thereof from the*  
*sink and Kennel of Passion,*  
*Interest and Self-love, and*  
*the fixing of it on God and*  
*Divine Objects.*

*Passion is a Fever in*  
*the Soul, which having*  
*agitate the Vigour of the*  
*Minde into Fainting*  
*Heats, maketh the*  
*E 2 Thoughts,*

26 *On the Memory of*  
*Thoughts*, the Pulses of  
the Soul, move Quick,  
High, and Unequally;  
for *Reason* being dethroned,  
every *Poultry Passion* in its tour will usurp  
the Chair, and according  
to its Imperious Humour,  
make that Faculty  
lacquey up and down,  
Which, in the *Stricteſt*  
*Justice* deſerveth the *Pre-*  
*cedency*: Thus Folly is  
ſet in great dignity, and,  
*Servants* are on horſes  
when *Princes* walk as ſer-  
vants. *Reason*

*Sir Robert Fletcher. 27*

*Reason is the Supream Power of a Man, on which, in Legible Characters is engraven the Image of God. And although it be cruſted over with a groſſe and fæculent Film on which is ſtamped the viſage of the Foul Fiend of Darkneſſe; yet is it much like that of the Artiſt, who imboſſed his Maſters Name with Plaiſter; but had underneath, engraven his Own in Stone: knowing that*  
*Age*

28    *On the Memory of*

*Age and Tempests* would wear of the one, whereas t' other would weather out all Periods of Time. For after the *dew of Heaven* hath washed of that *superscription of Satan*, then will the goodly and glorious *Image of God*, conspicuously appear in a *purified Reason*. In regard that, as that skilfull Statuary did engrave his Name in *Pallas* Shield, with so deep a stroak, as could not be defaced while

Sir Robert Fletcher. 29

while the whole Statue  
were undone : So God  
did Imprint so lively  
treates of the *Divine Na-*  
*ture* on the *Soul of Man*,  
as the remaines thereof  
are yet to be seen even in  
the *greatest Monsters* of  
Mankinde , which the  
Earth doth bear. But  
Man since that *first fall* is  
so unplum'd and so robt  
of that gayety, which at  
first did adorn him, that  
all his Faculties are be-  
come soft and languide.

A

30 *On the Memory of*

A company of Passions,  
like so many *Birds of*  
*Prey*, having divided the  
*dominion* of the soul a-  
mong themselves.

Reasons *first* work  
then, is to vindicate her  
Liberty from the Tyranny  
of these insulting  
slaves: And even *Lame*  
*Nature* in the unhallow-  
ed Heathens hath made  
strange attempts for the  
*re-enthroning Reason* and  
regaining that *undisturb-*  
*ed tranquillity of minde*;  
which

*Sir Robert Fletcher.* 31

which man was once in  
possession of : But alas !  
Man though mounted  
on his tiptoes , will not  
reach this fruit of the  
**T**ree of Life, it hangs too  
high for him ; and it is  
**J**acobs ladder only by  
which we must essay to  
climb up to Heaven.  
**O**ur **H**eros was behind few  
Mortals in this atchiev-  
ment. Did we not see  
an unclouded *sweetnesse*  
and *serenity* so possesse  
his *Looks*, that easily we  
F might

32 *On the Memory of*  
might conclude, how  
little his thoughts were  
disturbed? For being  
*ever the same*, the eleva-  
tions of Joy did not  
transport him, neither  
could the depressions of  
sorrow crush him. *Hy-*  
*mens pleasures* had not so  
mastered his Soul, as to  
make him neglect the *du-*  
*ty he owed his God*. Nei-  
ther did the death of his  
deservedly beloved chil-  
dren, imbarasse his Spi-  
rit.

Those



Sir Robert *Fletcher*. 33

Those who by *inju-  
ring Him* intended his  
*disturbance* ; missed of  
their Design ; for he  
knew that no man could  
wrong him, and that  
Malice and Revenge on-  
ly bricole on the Doer,  
without prejudging the  
Party against whom they  
are directed. For then  
only doth one *suffer*  
when he permits himself  
into a Passion ; and  
*Wrongs* done us in this  
world, are rather the Oc-

34 *On the Memory of*  
*casions* than the *Causes* of  
our Misfortune: Which  
he was so fully perswad-  
ed of, that, if at any time  
Passion peeped, it did but  
give opportunity for the  
exercife of Reason in the  
quelling so strong an E-  
nemy.

He wisely considered  
the *Tongue* to be that  
whose *intemperate speeches*  
do give Rise, Growth  
and Continuance to *Pas-*  
*sion*: It being the Rud-  
der, which, when dexte-  
rously

Sir Robert Fletcher. 35

rously managed ; holds us in an even and steady Course : but if let loose makes us fluctuate and move at randome. His *thrift* of discourse was great, but his *sparingnesse* in Censuring, Rebuking, Reproaching, and Detracting was such, as perhaps in all his life, he was never accus'd by any; yea, I believe, scarce by himself (the most severe Critick upon his own Actions ) of this fault.

So

36 *On the Memory of*

*So studious was he to evite every occasion of affronting his Reason. So that justly we may say there is a Prince and a Great Man fallen this day in Israel.*

Well! we have considered Reasons, first *Triumph over Passion*: Its next Conquest is the *Trading on the cares and concerns of this Life*. Our Bodies are the Case which contains the Jewel. The Shrine for that Stem  
of

Sir Robert Fletcher. 37

of Divinity. So the  
Cares and Concern-  
ments of the Body must  
never come in considera-  
tion but as *Vassals* to our  
Souls. But now this  
order is inverted. Are  
not mens Bodies become  
the *Prisons*, if not, the  
*Tombs* of their Souls.  
The Caring for the One  
is accounted a *Debt*, but  
Thinking on the other,  
is thought an *act of Cha-  
rity and Benevolence*.  
How many impoverish-  
ed

38 *On the Memory of*  
ed Souls are lodged in  
Bodies, whose cabinets  
are well stored with  
Riches? Many a *Plump*  
*body* is the Receptacle of  
an *Hunger-starved Mind*.  
Me thinks they resemble  
*Egypt's Temples*, whose  
Outside had a *tearing*  
*show*: but when admit-  
ted to the interiour re-  
cesses of that Idol-house,  
with the wan light of an  
halfextinguish'd Torch,  
they could discern an  
*Ape*. So what a sight  
should

Sir *Robert Fletcher.* 39

should it be, if we could  
unfold the Plicatures of  
the Garments wherein  
many souls are invelopt?  
Within these Cloutes  
wvould vve see pitifull  
Brates: on whom if one  
look, he will be at a losse,  
whither he shall have, Pi-  
ty, Contemn or account  
them Unworthy of all  
his thoughts. Is it pos-  
sible that so *Sublime a*  
*being* as the soul of Man,  
made and shaped *for high*  
*things*, can be drencht in

G

the

40 *On the Memory of*  
the dirt of sensuality and  
luxury, or grovel on this  
Earth? Far different  
from this are the Appre-  
hensions of a *transformed*  
*Spirit*, which laboureth  
to forget its being *detain-*  
*ed in a Body*, when it finds  
it self *bailed to* and *de-*  
*pressed* in Earthly Im-  
ployments, doth with  
Sorrow and Pity regrade  
the distance it is at, from  
the Object of its Joy and  
Desire: the *smart* of  
which the Body will feel  
in



Sir Robert Fletcher. 41

in severe *Mortifications*;  
being denied the wanton  
Jolleties and unnecessa-  
ry Flatterings which are  
craved by a luxurient  
temper. Yea the former-  
ly *bewitching pleasures*,  
become more bitter than  
Gall and Wormwood.  
And even *Life* it self, the  
*Preservation whereof* car-  
rieth away the *Supremacy*  
of our *Affections* and *De-*  
*sire*, doth prove a *Bur-*  
*den*, since it detaineth  
from that which the pu-  
rified

42 *On the Memory of*  
rified Soul so vehement-  
ly longeth for. And  
while the *Pilgrimage* con-  
tinueth, what time they  
bestow on humane Af-  
faires, is rather *Complying*  
with the *Providence of*  
*God* (who ordereth eve-  
ry one to their Post and  
several Employments in  
this world) than out of  
any *Pleasure* they have  
in it, or any *Desire* of  
self-satisfaction. And  
when their Occasions  
and Hours of *Divine*  
em-

Sir Robert Fletcher. 43

*employment* do avocate them, they quickly disingage Themselves, and their Craving Appetites (unsatisfied with every thing beneath God) will with an *unexpressible satisfaction*, suck in those comforts that are sweeter to them than the *Honey or the Honey comb*.

With how little *Flattery*, what I have been saying, may be ascribed to Him, who now enjoyeth what he much desired

44 *On the Memory of*  
*fired, His freedome from*  
*Covetousnesse*, did disco-  
ver it self in the pain he  
was at when *Crouding*  
*Affairs* did invade many  
*Portions* of his *Time*.  
*Careful was he to rid him-*  
*self of that Load.* And  
though he was dexterous  
enough, so to order his  
affairs, as to throw away  
nothing *Unnecessarily*,  
which may be occasion-  
ed mistakes in some, Yet  
these to *whom His Soul*  
*was known* could well  
discern

Sir Robert Fletcher. 45

discern it flowed from  
no *sordid ground*. And  
his frank and large Cha-  
rity did fully discover of  
what *Mettal* he was. Yea  
a *Resolution of his* (which  
his modesty kepted un-  
known to all, save those  
who shared in the secret-  
er motions of his Soul)  
*never to have encreased*  
*his Estate*, but to offer  
what improvements he  
could make of it to God,  
by *relieving* the Necessi-  
ties and Wants of the  
Poor

46    *On the Memory of*  
Poor and Needy: Such  
a design, I say, to those  
who knew what a *Plen-*  
*tiful Fortune* he enjoyed,  
and what *Children* he  
*had*, will make them be-  
lieve, that *he counted the*  
*things of this world but*  
*Dung.*

Little did they know  
of him, who know not  
how *regardlesse he was of*  
*his Body.* He was not ar-  
for his *Temperance*, *spar-*  
*ing* in the enjoyments of  
his *lawful pleasures.* Nei-  
ther

*Sir Robert Fletcher.* 47

ther could the weaknesse  
of his Body, extort from  
him Care and Tender-  
nesse, but rather draw  
from him Pity and Con-  
tempt. The *Society of*  
*Drunkards* he hated and  
shunned, as much as a  
*Toad*. Yea so little force  
had all the *Enjoyments of*  
*this life* (although even  
of these God had bestow-  
ed on him a large Share)  
on his Spirit, that *he was*  
*ever desiring to be rid of*  
*them all*, and to be where

H

no

48 *On the Memory of*

no Affair could avocate him from that he so much desired: That being uncloathed of his vile Body, he should be freed from *Grosse and Material Conceptions of Spiritual things*; from the Tribute he owed his Body, and from the trouble he was at with businesse: but most of all, from the *dregs of corrupted nature* which pinch the Soul and make it long to be with *Christ*.

*Some*



Sir Robert Fletcher. 49

*Some dayes ere he died,*  
being desired not to  
wrong himself with the  
*Apprehensions of Death,*  
his Answer was : *That*  
*having exercised himself*  
*so long with the thoughts*  
*of it, He did not apprehend*  
*it with fear as an enemy :*  
and therefore with Joy  
did he receive the ap-  
proaches of it.

It was the last morn-  
ing of his life that He said  
( even in the midst of  
high and furious raving,

50 *On the Memory of*  
occasioned by a Feaver  
of which he died ) *O my*  
*most adorable and glorious*  
*Lord God, to thee I come,*  
*and with thee shall I be for*  
*ever.* Who can then  
blame me when I say,  
*There is a Prince and a*  
*great Man fallen this day*  
*in Israel?*

*Reason, having made a*  
*foul fray among the Passi-*  
*ons,* and trampled the  
*Body* underfoot, it carri-  
eth on its Conquests, and  
at length Combates it  
*self*

Sir Robert Fletcher. 51

*self*, and Beats down any *good opinion* it is tempted to have of its Self. It fares with many, as with those *Vapours*, which, being by the Suns active beams agitated into a *subtile thinnesse*, mount up; but because they had not layed down their *earthbinesse*, reach no further than the *Regions* of the *Air*: where, after being toss'd too and again, they fall down in big drops, more grosse than  
when

52 *On the Memory of*  
when caught up. So the  
*Souls of some*, by the forcible impressions of some heats are caught up from worldly, carnal, yea and passionate courses : But there being no true *Renovation* of heart , they mount no higher than the Aery Regions of *Vanity*. Self-love being the Root of their Actions, though they may appear Specious, being set of with Canting and Diffimulation; yet, their  
depth

Sir Robert Fletcher. 53

depth being sounded,  
prove in effect nothing  
but *profound Venerations*,  
*payed to the shrines of their*  
*adored selves*. This is the  
*Last Battery* of the Ene-  
my of our Salvation.  
Other engines failing,  
he insinuats himself into  
the more retired Cor-  
ners of the Soul, and by  
this deadly venome, he  
poisons and leavens the  
whole Soul, making it  
forget that dependance  
upon God by which it  
lives;

54    *On the Memory of*  
lives; and cease to praise  
that unbounded Good-  
nesse, to whom it owes  
more, than Seraphims  
can expresse. As also the  
*active vigour* of the Soul  
in every duty of Religi-  
on, growes *remiss*, when  
it conceits it self Victori-  
ous over all its Enemies.  
This is the *Tympany of*  
*the Mind* which often, if  
not ever, proves deadly  
and irrecoverable.

But *true Greatnesse*,  
will quickly evacuate the  
Mind

Sir Robert Fletcher. 55

Mind of all those *Tumours*, by representing as well the *Frailties* of its *Nature*, as, the *Miseries* of its *depraved State*. The *One*, by remembering it is a Creature started out of nothing by the Omnipotent Power of its Adored Maker: *The other*, by discovering how Weak and Effeminate our *Souls* are become: How Short sighted and Dim our *Understandings*: how lame and

I

un-

56 *On the Memory of*  
unactive our *Wills*. How  
furious and undaunted,  
our *Passions*. As also  
by reflecting on the great  
and frequent *errours* of  
our *Life*, and our ever re-  
curring *imperfections*.

It is by the *Like Con-*  
*siderations*, that Man  
comes to be *undeceived*,  
and doth perswade him-  
self that He is an *Empty*  
*Nothing*, and so de-  
lights in Self-degrading  
*Thoughts*, and, with  
*S. Paul*, doth *Glory in his*  
*infirmities*



*Sir Robert Fletcher.* 57

*infirmities*, that the power of *Christ* may rest upon him.

It is now time to *Ap-  
ply* what hath been said to Him who hath *finish-  
ed his Course* and hath ob-  
*tained the Crown*. But I  
suppose all, to whom He  
was not wholly un-  
known, could spare me  
the labour. It were in-  
deed a puzzling *Questi-  
on*, Whither his *Worth*  
or his *Humility* was  
greatest. He took more

I 2 pains

58 *On the Memory of*  
pains to conceal what he  
really had, than, may be  
the *Proudest* do to set of  
what they have not at  
all. His shunning all oc-  
casions of any *Publick*  
*Appearance*, and his great  
*Silence and Sparingnesse*  
*of Discourse* (which were  
too well known to insist  
on, yea it were a difficult  
work to instance, unlesse  
there were produced a  
*Catalogue of all the acti-*  
*ons of his Life* ) were  
pregnant proofs of what  
hath

Sir Robert Fletcher. 59

hath been said. Neither did this *nonpareiled Modesty*, flow from either *natural Retirednesse* of Temper, or the *Contempt of Others*, which makes some retreat from the Societies of Men; accounting it below them to converse with Persons, beyond whom *Self-conceit* hath far advanced them. No, on no such ground He withdrew himself from the too much beaten road of Conversation:

60 *On the Memory of*  
on: But he did so distrust himself, as to be ever regrating those *Imperfections* (Judged to be in him by none but himself) he found depressing his Spirit. He talked much of his *want of Memory*: Yet was he well known both in *Greek* and *Hebrew*, in the *Latter* especially. Neither was he a stranger to the other *Oriental Tongues*; not to mention his perfection in the *Latine* & severall

Sir Robert Fletcher. 61

ral *European Languages*.

Language being a Heap  
of words, connected by  
no string of Method,  
(People being taught to  
speak, by Custome and not  
by Philosophy) there is  
nothing that more racks  
and overcharges the me-  
mory. A memory then  
so well twisted, as to be  
able to retain *Singled*  
*words*, cannot be thought  
so treacherous, as to let  
slip *Connected things*,  
when commanded to  
such

62    *On the Memory of*  
such an employment by  
Inclination. Truth was,  
he was ready enough to  
forget any *Pedling affair*:  
but the impression such  
stufte could make on a  
Mind so much alienated  
from the World, was so  
overly; that no wonder  
it was not lasting.

Should we also take  
his *Own testimony* of him-  
self, we should believe his  
Mind was *Shallow* and  
*Purblind*. But a whiles  
conversation would have  
forced

Sir Robert Fletcher. 63

forced any to change their opinion.

He was deeply skill'd in the *Mathematicks*, thogh he was well *advanced* in *years* before he began that *Study*: and his distracting affairs, did never allow him that *Time*, which an exactness in those *Sciences* doth require. Notwithstanding he was well seen in most of them. It was the *Science*, and not the *Art* in them, most pleased him. *His dexterity in un-*  
K *ridling*

64 *On the Memory of*  
*ridling the most Knotty*  
*Theorems and Problems*  
*was singular. His Pati-*  
*ence was unwearyed. So*  
that I stick not to say,  
that had his Convenien-  
cy permitted him that  
Study, as much as His  
Genius and Inclination  
would have led him to  
it, he had been inferiour  
to few of his Age.  
Which, many of his  
Papers would make no  
hard labour to prove.

• He gave himself also  
much



Sir Robert Fletcher. 65

much to *Philosophicall Studies*, but could never satisfie himself with that *empty Scelet of Aristotles Philosophy*. Which being by the *Trifling way of Logick*, digested into some Order, hath imposed so long upon the World, and hath abused them into an Opinion of their own Great Knowledge, when notwithstanding, they could never extricate one Difficulty in all Nature:

K 2

and

66    *On the Memory of*  
and yet they would bear  
the World in hand, that  
Wisdom shall die with  
them, But *was well plea-*  
*sed, with the late Ingeni-*  
*ous Attempts to unmask*  
*Nature.* And as the Ra-  
tional Subtility of these  
Designs *delighted him,* So  
he was much *pleased with*  
the Ingenious Candor  
of these Mechanical Phi-  
losophers, *and expected*  
*Great Things, from the*  
*Honourable and Truly*  
*Royal Society of the Vir-*  
*tuosi*

Sir Robert Fletcher. 67

*tuosi in England.* For he believed *That Design*, to be the strongest Attempt the World had seen, to rescue it from *Ignorance* and *Uncertainty*.

He was also a great *Friend of Chimiſtry*, and being no ſtranger to it, was purpoſed to have applied himſelf ſeriouſly thereto: Hoping by *Vulcans Key* to have diſcloſed Nature.

He had alſo ſtudied *Mechaniſm*, and all ſuch things

68 *On the Memory of*  
things as might improve  
a Society. But *the more*  
*he knew, the more he was*  
*perswaded of the Defects*  
*of Humane Knowledge.*  
Neither was he like these  
Globes, wherein the Au-  
thor, rather than acknow-  
ledge his Ignorance, will  
fill up these wast and un-  
known spaces , with  
Lands designed and mar-  
ked only in his Conceit:  
But he choosed rather,  
to Mantle over that  
which ~~he~~ knew, by a Sha-  
dow;

Sir Robert Fletcher. 69

dow ; than, to pretend to that which he had not.

*In fine* rare was it to see so much *Worth* vailed under so much *Humility*. Which kept him so from the Knowledge of Others, but most of all from himself. Yet as the *Sun beams* when stopped in their even course, and refracted in a Cloud, do appear in that *rare Con-texture of Light and Shadow the Rainbow* : so the *Vail of Humility*, though,  
it

70 *On the Memory of*  
*It* a little *interrupted*, yet,  
it had not the force to  
*keep up* the Glancing  
light of that *shining Soul*,  
but rather, as a *Shadowed*  
*Picture*, appeared he with  
advantage. And as the  
*rare endowments of his*  
*Mind*, did not intoxicate  
him; so the *Virtues of*  
*his Soul*, however valued  
by others, were ever  
counted *few and mean*  
by himself. For he had  
*Perfection* in his eye. His  
*Aimes & Designs* stoop-  
ing

*Sir Robert Fletcher.* 71

ing no lower. Whence  
the recurring defects of  
the daily imperfections  
which annoyed him in  
his Pilgrimage, repre-  
sented alwayes himself,  
in the blackest shape *dis-*  
*dain* could set him in.  
And there was nothing  
more grating to his Ears,  
than his *own praises*. Is  
there not then a *Prince*  
and a great *Man* fallen  
*this day in Israel*?

The Soul of Man be-  
ing by the *Power* of the

L

Di-

72    *On the Memory of*  
*Divine Spirit* rescued  
from the bondage of *Cor-*  
*ruption*, is brought into  
the *Glorious Liberty* of  
*the Sons of God*. For  
these staining Tinctures  
of *Passion, Lust* and *Pride*  
are not done of, that He  
should continue as a  
whited Wall or a Fleece  
of Wool. Nor are these  
Divels only cast out,  
that *the house be empty*  
*Sweepled and Garnished*:  
No, we need not fear so  
great preparations shall  
end



*Sir Robert Fletcher.* 73

end in *Nothing*. We are uncloathed of our Filthy Garments, in lieu whereof we receive *Change of Raiment*: And the Treats of the Image of God are drawn on the Soul. Thus the *Mind* is *Transform'd*, by that *Participation of the Divine Nature*, whereby it is united and knit unto God, with that bond of Perfection, *Love*: which having consum'd, all that fewel of Lust and Vani-

74 *On the Memory of*

ty which had so long smothered the Divine Life, but becoming Victorious, it inflameth the whole Pile, and offereth it up in one Burnt-offering to God: And the Soul being agitated by the Love of God, shed abroad in it, as by an Active Principle of Life, is ever in its Desires and Meditations mounting thither, where it hopes to be for ever. *Our Saviour* compared this establishment

Sir Robert Fletcher. 75  
ment of the Minde on  
God to Hungering and  
Thirsting : *Which is not  
caused by Reason but by  
Life.*

Thus the *Supream Ex-*  
*altation* of the Soul, is  
in being so *fixed on God*,  
that we need not be jog-  
ged up to it by *Argu-*  
*ments* ; but, by a natu-  
ral and unforced emana-  
tion of Spirit, to be ever  
Breathing after, and Pan-  
ting for *Communion* with  
God. This is to have  
our

76 *On the Memory of*  
our Fellowship with the  
Father, and with the Son.  
To place our whole Af-  
fiance and Confidence on  
God, who through the  
Mediation of his Son, is  
become Our Mercifull  
and Gracious Father.  
To bestow on him the  
Supremacy of our Love  
and Affections; and by  
unceffant Motions to be  
springing towards Him.  
Thus the Soul, maugre  
the Load of its Body,  
that separateth it so far  
from

Sir Robert Fletcher. 77

from Heaven, will not  
be delayed of its Glory,  
untill *Unbodied*; but  
will be snatching the  
*Summer-fruits* even be-  
fore *Harvest* come.  
Which, though they be  
not ripened, to the dele-  
ctableness of *Angels-food*;  
yet, that *Antepast* of Glo-  
ry will yeeld the Mind,  
such sweet Solaces and  
Pleasures, so Sublime  
and Highly Divine, as  
will beget a Loathing of  
the most unmixed De-  
lights

78 *On the Memory of*  
lights Earth can afford.  
For that Original sin,  
*that they be of the Earth,*  
will sufficiently discred-  
ite them.

The Soul having now  
found an Object, that  
will both deserve and at-  
tract its more Fixed  
Thoughts, With what  
silent Admiration will  
it be considering these  
*Divine Adorable Excel-*  
*lencies*, wherewith the  
Glorious Lord God is  
cloathed, as with a gar-  
ment?

Sir Robert Fletcher. 79

ment? which will sometimes choak them, to a stillnesse next to *Ecstasie*; and at other times will burst forth in *Halelujabs* and Thanksgivings. Could we trace the steps and Sacred *Soliloquies* of a Devout Spirit, in those blessed retreats it makes, from the Loud disturbances of the World into the Presence of Him, who is its *Hiding place*, and *strong Habitation* whereunto it will continually.

M

80    *On the Memory of*  
tinually resort : We  
should see it with delight  
sum up , all the passages  
of the *Power, Providence*  
and *Goodnesse* of God :  
whereby it rouseth it  
self and all that is in it,  
*To blesse his Holy Name,*  
*and to forget none of his*  
*Benefits.*    And, if the  
World offer it self to its  
View, It will quickly say  
with *S. Paul, These things*  
*that before were gain to*  
*me , are now become losse*  
*through Christ.*    Yea,  
doubt-



Sir Robert Fletcher. 81  
doubtless, I count all things  
but losse for the Excellen-  
cy of the Knowledge of  
Jesus Christ my Lord.  
Yea, I will account them  
but dung that I may win  
Christ. Thus are the  
Meditations of God, sweet  
unto it : Neither is this  
only the Holy-dayes Im-  
ployment of the Soul. For  
God doth not come to a  
Soul, as a way-faring Man  
to tarry for a night ; But  
he dwelleth and abideth in  
it. The Soul is Acted,

M 2

Moved

82 *On the Memory of*

Moved and Directed by  
Him, in all its goings.  
And when its Station,  
to which God hath com-  
manded it in the world,  
calls it from these imme-  
diate Adorations, it re-  
solves quickly to return  
again, *and leaves the*  
*Heart with God in Pawn.*  
So that however it may  
be busied, yet all passio-  
nate fervour is blunted  
and quenched. And it  
is so exactly regulated,  
by the *Divine Will*, into  
which

*Sir Robert Fletcher.* 83

which its own is changed, that it Cares, Desires, Joyes and Sorrows for *Nothing Earthly* : But all the Methods and Steps of the *Divine Providence*, are by it judged to be, both Wise, Good and Just: as flowing from an unerring *Skill*, an unchanged *Goodnesse*, and a spotlesse *Justice*. Therefore in Patience doth it possesse it self, and, with an Unreserved Submission, equally welcomes as well

84 *On the Memory of*  
well the *Ebbings*, as the  
*Flowings* of Earthly Sa-  
tisfactions. As being  
none of them of a nature,  
capable of promoting or  
retarding, that Happi-  
nesse it expects and de-  
sires from God alone.  
Thus *with open face as in*  
*a Glasse*, *bekolding the*  
*Glory of the Lord*, *we are*  
*changed into the same*  
*Image from Glory to Glo-*  
*ry, as by the Spirit of the*  
*Lord.*

The Order of this Dis-  
course

Sir Robert Fletcher. 85

*course* doth call for the  
*Applying*, what hath been  
spoken to the *Glorified*  
*Saint* that hath now left  
us. In doing whereof,  
several *Instances* must be  
disclosed, which in his  
life were *unknown* to all,  
save to, his other self, his  
*Friends*. His Soul was  
even fraughted, with a-  
doring and Magnifying  
thoughts of his Maker.  
His Frequent and Fer-  
vent entertaining him-  
self with *Divine Medita-*  
*tions*

86 *On the Memory of*  
*tions*, did let us all know  
wherein he placed his  
*Happinesse*. Every day,  
many Hours of his  
Time, were spent in the  
Outer Court of Hea-  
ven, in those approaches  
to God. No Company  
was so bewitching, as to  
make him forget him,  
who had inhanced all his  
desires and delights. But  
when the entertainment  
of Friends, did seem to  
hinder him from that Im-  
ployment : yet still He  
either

*Sir Robert Fletcher. 87*

either found or made a shift to excuse himself for a while, *that he might converse with his God:* Which an ingenious Modesty did so contrive, that it was not so much as suspected, to be done upon design. Yea when he was so pressed, that he could get no time in the Day stolen, He made it up in the Night. Often he used to be *Eight hours* a day in the immediate Service of God: beside

N

His

88 *On the Memory of*

His diligent observance of the *Lords Day*, which was indeed Singular.

He used a constant Method in *reading Scripture*, wherein he was much conversant. Neither did the *Translation* satisfy him, but He searched the *Original* carefully: For he could quot, the *New Testament* and *Psalter*, as easily, in the first Language, as most can do in their Mothers Tongue.

In



Sir Robert Fletcher. 89

In his *daily Reading*, he did still chōose some place, which he fixed in his Mind. To the Consideration whereof, he recollected his Thoughts, all that day when ever he found himself at leisure. Which he used to say, was his *Sanctuary* whither he retreated, from the Persecution of Idle Thoughts.

Many such Methods used he to wing up *His* soul to the work of Che-

N 2      rubims,

90 *On the Memory of*  
*rubims, ever to behold*  
*the Face of his Heavenly*  
*Father.* Yea a Radiant  
 Splendor which posses-  
 sed his Looks, when he  
 returned from his *Closet*,  
 could make us, easily dis-  
 cern, what joyfull and  
 pleasant work he had  
 been about:

He used often, to separate whole dayes, for the Worship of God, wherein He denied himself any other Refreshment, save what was ministred to his Soul. He

Sir Robert Fletcher. 91

He performed himself, the *duties of his Family* constantly at two returns each day : where you might have heard both *Reading , Singing and Prayer ,* and that with such a true and unaffected Devotion, as discovered *how little Formality may be in the Observance of Forms.*

The *first arrest* of that Fatall sicknesse, had exhausted the *Active Vigour of his Spirit* so far,  
that

92 *On the Memory of*  
that the Keennesse and  
Fervour of his Soul was  
somewhat blunted, which  
drew him into *Sadnesse*,  
judged *Melancholy* by  
Beholders; For he com-  
plained, that then when  
these *Attaques* of God,  
did alarum him up to a  
greater diligence, He was  
become more *languid* and  
*tepid*: This Trouble was  
but of *short continuance*,  
for he found the *union of*  
*his Soul* to his God, as  
close as ever, though a  
*Mis-*

Sir Robert Fletcher. 93  
*Mistuned Body* , could  
not bear up in a Con-  
cord with it.

*The last Lords Day of  
his Life* , was he diligent  
in the search of his Heart,  
and earnest in wrestling  
with God : the Issue  
whereof was, a *Quiet* and  
*Composed* Mind. Which  
was , apparant , in the  
*Cheerfulnesse of his Spirit* ,  
which was greater that  
Night, than it had been  
all the while of his sick-  
nesse. Two dayes after,  
he

94 *On the Memory of*

he was seized with a *spotted Feaver*, or rather, His Sicknesse did evidently discover it self to be such. Which having in a sudden *disturbed* his Fancy, what, after that, came from him *like himself*, was rather *Curt* (though raised and Divine) Contemplation, than any *fixed* and well ordered conceptions.

Often did He pray,  
often did He speak of the  
*Glory of His God*, and of  
His

*Sir Robert Fletcher.* 95

*His Redeemer:* Yea never mentioned he *either*, but his Soul seemed *to go out with Fervour.*

The *Last Night* of his Life, *Five times*, did he direct his desires to God, in the words of the *Lords Prayer.* About the *Morning*, His Raving seemed to have taken leave of Him: for about a *Quarter of an Hour*, did he, with great seriousness, and in well fitted words, call upon the *Lord* and in-

O                  vocate

96 *On the Memory of*

vocate his aid. Neither did he forget His Sovereign, the Church, His Nation or His Family. He had no sooner ended, when the Fury of his distemper, as if it had given him Truce, only for that blessed work, did again invade him. It was a few hours after that (for he scarce spoke any more) that the Cords of his Tabernacle, begun to be slackened: and before we were awar, He  
gave



*Sir Robert Fletcher. 97*

*gave up the Ghost and fell  
asleep, passing into Glo-  
ry. Is there not then, a  
great Man fallen this day  
in Israel ?*

Having thus viewed  
the *Greatnesse* of that  
Soul, wherein I do pro-  
test , no *Hyperbole* hath  
been used ; neither hath  
ought been said but what  
I certainly knew to be  
*true*, Those who are little  
acquainted with *True*  
*worth*, and who Imagine  
there is no such thing in

O 2

the

98    *On the Memory of*  
the World (but that it  
is a *Chimera*, contrived  
to amuse and overaw the  
sons of *Adam*) will, may  
be, look on what hath  
been said, as a *Flaunting*  
*Story*. But it will gain  
*credit* with such, as are,  
neither strangers to *Vir-*  
*tue*, nor to *Him*. What  
was *seen* of him was so  
fair and alluring, that  
every one will not stick  
to believe, the *Unseen* and  
*Hidden* parts of him must  
be the most *Glorious*: *All*  
*will*

Sir Robert Fletcher. 99

*will believe the Closet of  
a Palace to exceed the Glo-  
ry of the Walls.*

But it is a *Sad Conclusion*, to say, *There is a  
great Man FALL'N*, I shall  
rather invert the words,  
*There is a Great Man  
RAIS'D up*. The Soul and  
Body are wreathed into  
unity by such a *Congrui-  
ty of Life*, that forgetting  
the Difference of their  
Natures, they come to  
be so linked, in the em-  
braces one of another, as  
to

100 *On the Memory of*  
to move joyntly in all their  
*Operations*. Whence fol-  
loweth such an *Eccho* of  
the *One*, to all the *Affe-*  
*ctions* of the *Other*, that  
they both gain or losse,  
according as their *Toak-*  
*fellow* is *Pleased* or *Pre-*  
*judged*. Which being  
a *Riddle* too hard for  
the crazed *Understand-*  
*ing* of Man, whose sight  
hath not yet reached the  
*inside* of Beings, their  
Natures; some take a  
Compendious way to  
extri-

Sir Robert Fletcher. 101

extricate themselves, by saying, *It is but agitated and subtile Matter that keeps us in Life.*

How well this may be applied to such Agents as are devoid of *Ratification*, and to the *Plantall* and *Animal Actions* of a Man, I am not now to examine: But that *Cogitation* can be an effect of Matter, even when it acts on *Immaterial Objects* and in *Self-reflexions*, will be found a greater

er

102 *On the Memory of*

er difficulty, than that they intended to shun.

And sure in the Conception of a *Cogitating Being* there is no greater *Absurdity*, than in that of an *Extended One*.

After the Soul hath lodged in the Body, that space of *Pilgrimage* and *Probation*, appointed it by God; Then the time of its *Dissolution* draweth nigh. When it is to be *unfettered*, then, through the dark shades of *Death*  
must

Sir Robert Fletcher. 103

must we passe to *Immortality*. And though there be nothing more *dreadfull*, to them whose *Leud* and *Atheistical* life, doth fill them with just apprehensions of *approaching Miseries*; Yet the Lord God, who can out of the *Eater bring forth Meat*, and out of the *Strong give Honey*, hath ordered that to be the *Fore-runner* of a *Blisse*, so far elevate beyond the mean and lo apprehensions, we Frail

P

Mor.

104 *On the Memory of*  
Mortals can conceive,  
that the most Fluent E-  
loquence, can do it no  
Right. May we but  
Imagine, what an *Amaze-  
ment* a Holy Soul will be  
struck in, when it finds it  
self, of a suddain freed  
from, the *Depressions* of  
a *Grosse* and *Terrestrial*  
Body, the *Allurements* of  
a *Debauched* Mind, the  
*Entisements* of a *Foolish*  
*World*, the *Contagion* of  
*Evil Company*, the *Stings*  
of *Sicknesse* and *Pain*, and  
from



*Sir Robert Fletcher.* 105  
from an Unactive *Tepi-*  
*dity* of Mind in the *Ser-*  
*vice* and *Converse* with  
God. And in stead of  
all This, it *Enters Hea-*  
*ven*, Where it is receiv-  
ed and welcomed by In-  
numerable Companies of  
*Angels* and *Spirits of Just*  
*men made perfect* ; and is  
by them led into the Pre-  
sence of that *King of*  
*Saints*, Who is *Glorious*  
*in Holinesse*, whose *Maje-*  
*stick Greatness*, being then  
clearly discovered by the

106 *On the Memory of*

Purified Soul, will occasion the greatest *Transports* of Joy, the Rational Nature is capable of. For, We shall then see, with the *Evidence* of Sense, the *Brightnesse* of the *Fathers Glory*, the only begotten Son of God, whom, while on Earth, we behold in the *Obscurity* of Faith. Believe me, *This Glory* were too dazzling a sight to us while we are in the Body.

Moses, when he saw  
but

Sir Robert Fletcher. 107

but the *Outside* of the *Divine* Glory, yet such a *Brightnesse*, from that *Passing View*, was imprinted in his Looks, that he must needs vail himself: What Eye could then behold an *Unvailed God*? And if a *Passing Sight* of that Exalted Prince, did so swallow up the Spirit of the *Apostle of the Gentiles*, What could resist the Ecstasies and Ruptures, a *Fixed Looking* on the *Sun of Righteousnesse* would

108 *On the Memory of*  
would occasion ? If the  
One made *S. Paul* forget  
his Body, T<sup>o</sup>ther would  
have made *him* abandon it.  
But in Glory, those Ra-  
vishing Objects shall not  
*consternate* the Beholders  
into a languishing faint-  
ness, but, being Trans-  
formed, it will *Rouse*  
them into a Vigorous  
Activity and Spright-  
fulness of Blessing, A-  
doring, Loving and Re-  
joycing in their Maker,  
that *Fountain of Life.*  
And

*Sir Robert Fletcher.* 109

And this by no *Short* or  
*Passing Returns*, but by a  
*Constant Efflux of Soul*.  
So the *Creature* is whol-  
ly swallowed up of, and  
overwhelmed by the Vi-  
sion of its *Creator*.

Now into the Number  
of that *Cælestial Quire* is  
received the *Soul* of Him,  
who, while on *Earth*,  
having seen the *Glory* of  
that *Land which is a far* of  
and tasting some of the  
*Grapes of Canaan*, did  
*Run his race with joy and*  
*Pressed*

110 *On the Memory of*  
*Pressed forward toward*  
*the mark, even the Prize*  
*of the high Calling of God*  
*in Jesus Christ. And hav-*  
*ing now finish'd his Course,*  
*he hath entered into His*  
*Masters joy, and hath re-*  
*ceived, that Crown of*  
*Righteousnesse, which is*  
*Incorruptible and fadeth*  
*not away. Now, being*  
*uncloathed of all Dul-*  
*nesse and Frailty, doth*  
*his Soul as an unfullied*  
*Mirroure, yeeld a bright*  
*Reflexion of that Un-*  
*created*

Sir Robert Fletcher. III

created Light, with whose beams he is irradiated : And, in that Purest Light of *Divine Illumination*, doth he see light, seeing Him that is *Invisible*.

If an *Unknown Saviour* did by a Secret Influence, warm the hearts of the two Disciples, while He talked with them ; Sure then the Heart of *this Disciple*, is now inflamed with Love and Zeal, while He close-

Q ly

112 *On the Memory of*  
ly embraceth and Imme-  
diately converseth with  
an *Unmasked Redeemer*:  
O how much doth He  
rejoyce and blesse himself  
in the Possession of that  
Glory : the *meanest de-*  
*gree* whereof he prefer-  
reth to the *Empire* of the  
World. What *Halle-*  
*lujahs* is he now singing?  
With what delight doth  
He *keep his Part* in those  
Heavenly *Anthems* ?  
With what Pleasure  
feels he himself beyond  
the



*Sir Robert Fletcher.* 113

the Assaults of Corruption? How doth it Rejoyce him, that He needs no further Incentive of the Love of God, and that no Cloud doth disturb or darken the Excellent and Magnificent Glory; no Drowfinesse of Mind doth steal him into sleep? For *there is no Night above: But day and night do they see the Face of God.* Know ye not then *there is a Great Man raised up this day in*

Q 2

*the*

114. *On the Memory of  
the New Jerusalem?*

It followeth to be Considered, *Where* hath this *Great Man* fallen. Even in *Scotland* our *Israel*; A *Nation* of which it may well be doubted, *Whither* its *Mercies* or *Ingratitude* be greatest. And though at some time it might have compared with any round about, being barren in nothing but the *Soil*; But now indeed *the case is altered*. To instance it in  
one

Sir Robert Fletcher. 115

*one thing.* Is not the  
*Power of Godliness*, whose  
Effects should be, a Re-  
formation of our Spirits  
into a Likeness and Con-  
formity with our Glo-  
rious Master and Re-  
deemer, turned into  
*Formes* and *Words*?  
With what violence and  
eagernesse, may we daily  
see Inconsiderable and  
Controverted Opini-  
ons, pressed and advanc-  
ed? What severe Cen-  
surings, bitter Reproa-  
ches

116 *On the Memory of*  
ches and scurrilous In-  
vectives , are we daily  
forced to hear? And we  
are become so keen on  
such stuff, that the Great  
and Indispensable Pre-  
cepts of the Law of Je-  
sus , *Holinesse* , *Charity*  
and *Obedience* are coun-  
ted but mean and sorry  
Doctrines. What Tri-  
umphs are made upon the  
Failings and Errours of  
those that differ in Opi-  
nion, though such had no  
truth in them, and are  
but

*Sir Robert Fletcher.* 117

but the Forgeries of Gall  
and Despite? And how  
well pleased are we, when  
we get the Inglorious  
Advantage of Crushing  
and Ruining These,  
whom *Blind Zeal*, tin-  
ctured with Malice, and  
Revenge makes us ac-  
count our Enemies?  
Thus for all our *Canting*,  
if one should give a judg-  
ment of us by our Lives  
and Conversations, He  
should not miss of calling  
us *Christned Heathens*.

We

118 *On the Memory of*

We are called *Christians*, and professe our selves to be such, and do wisely in so doing; for there is Nothing that would make any suspect us *guilty of Religion*, save our *Outside*. Are we not Covetous, Proud, Passionate and Self-conceited? Thus have we flatly contradicted the *Great Design of the Gospel*. Which *Doctrine* was proclaimed to the World by the *Wisedome of God*, not to disturb

Sir Robert Fletcher. 119

disturb our heads, with  
*Harsh* and *unprofitable*  
*Questions*; But to Prick  
our hearts with a *sorrow*  
and *hatred of Sin*. Not to  
make us *Talk big*, But to  
*Live Sublimely* and to be-  
come *like* unto his *Glo-*  
*rious Self*. Yea, How  
degenerate by such work  
are we become, and what  
*Loathing* this hath begot  
of the *great Truths of*  
*Religion* in the Hearts of  
our *Supernumerary Gen-*  
*try*, I should rather mask  
R with

120 *On the Memory of*  
with a silent Sorrow,  
than with a Brisk For-  
wardnesse, discover the  
Nakedness of my Parent,  
my *Countrey*. But their  
detestable and impious  
Lives, their Irreligious  
and Blasphemous scof-  
fing at Piety and Holi-  
nesse, and their daily fall-  
ing off to the Superstiti-  
ons and Idolatry of the  
Church of *Rome*, do give  
too evident a testimony  
what kind of *Cattel* they  
are.

Nei.



Neither hath this contagion only corrupted the *Morals* of this People, but their very *Spirits* are become *mean* and *sordid*. And how receptive their Vitiated Minds are, of the *worst impressions* may appear from the Great footing that French Contagion of *Atheism* (more to be abominated even then the *sicknesse which goeth under that name*) hath among us. The furious wits of some ram-

122 *On the Memory of*

pant *Hectors*, who having immersed themselves into all brutalism, and apostatized from that *God-like nature*, conceive the *deepest hatred* against the *adored Deity* ; and with a monstrous arrogance proclaim an open feud against God and Religion. And if they can with Blustering and Sophistry elude those arguments, wherewith some, lesse experienced with their cursed Arts, do as-  
fail

Sir Robert Fletcher. 123

fail them , and with a wide-mouthed impudence run down the Modester : Thence do they conceit themselves, *the only sons of Wisdom* ; of whom, I dare boldly pronounce, that in themselves we have the greatest Instance of their so eagerly contended for principle, that *a man hath no real Prebeminence over, or Difference from brutes.* Which if now they so much desire, what will

124 *On the Memory of*  
wil their wishes be when,  
with their Master *Levi-*  
*athan*, they shall be shut  
up in that Lake of Fire  
and Brimstone.

Their Triumph is,  
that *no argument can reach*  
*them* ; for, they deny the  
Certainty of all those  
Principles whence any  
Argument can be drawn:  
And yet in the maintai-  
ning their own Hypo-  
theses, how many *Absur-*  
*dities* are they driven to  
suppose ? which could  
never

Sir Robert Fletcher. 125

never have captivated any mans *Reason*, but his who hath consented to that slavery, and resolves, *to believe any thing but Religion.*

Further, if *all things be uncertain*; Then, *that there is no God*, must be so likewise; and as their Principles yeeld to this, so they could never pretend to any positive argument for this *Monstruous tenet*. If it followeth then, that for ought they

126 *On the Memory of*  
they know, *there may be*  
*a God*, it will be easie for  
every one to collect  
hence, whether *Atheism*  
or *Religion* be the safer  
Course.

How much these *bel-  
lish Doctrines* begin to be  
received among us, is too  
notar, the daring bold-  
nesse of those blasphem-  
ing Rascals, telleth us,  
they fear *Man* no more  
than they do *God*.

This *Great Person* that  
is now fallen, although,  
He

Sir Robert Fletcher. 127

He needed no such foil to set off his Glory; Yet it cannot choose, but make *Him* the more *Considerable*, and his *Fall* the more *Lamentable*.

How much the degeneracy of This Nation grieved him hath been touched already. Great was his Indignation against that divellish crew of Atheists: that one should thought so *Calm a mind*, could not be stirred to so much spight.

S

Much

128 *On the Memory of*

Much was he incensed against some Pretenders to the *Mathematicks*, who ranked themselves under *Leviathans* Banner: for He believed that from these *Sciences*, more than *One* or *Two* arguments could be brought for the *Principles of Religion*.

In fine, He judged the greatest *Right* could be done to *Reason*, was the belief of *Christianity*, which is in all things so proportioned to our Faculties



Sir Robert Fletcher. 129

culties, that the very *proposing* of them will gain credit, from any *unstained mind*, which is freed from the polluting tinctures of *Lust* and *Passion*, and, converseth much with its own Faculties, in still and serious *Reflections* upon it self.

His *Spirit* was too large to shrink into the narrow Orb of a *Party* or *Interest*. No, His *Charity* taught him to dispise

130 *On the Memory of*

none of his Brethren. For though he believed his *Conscience* to be his *own Rule*, which he carefully and diligently observed and followed, yet he judged it an Impudent peice of *Antichristian Arrogance*, to assume *Authority* over the *Consciences* of *Others*, and to dictate to them.

In Fine, he judged none of our *Debates*, to be about matters *essential* to *Religion*: but found him-

Sir Robert Fletcher. 131

himself obliged to all  
Love and Kindnesse for  
those, that lived Holily  
and whose Souls had ta-  
ken on that Light and  
Easie yoke of *Iesus*, and  
had stouped to his Go-  
vernment, however they  
might disagree about the  
*Outside* and model of  
*Church-Polity*. And how-  
beit He was of Opinion,  
that, *Episcopal Govern-  
ment* moderating over  
but regulated by *Pres-  
byters*, might have as  
strong

132 *On the Memory of*  
strong a Plea for the  
Chair as any other *Form*;  
yet He judged *Forms*, to  
be but *Forms*, which, of  
their own nature, are  
neither so *Good* as to  
make Men *Good*; nor so  
*Evil*, as to make men  
*Evil*: But would prove  
*Succesfull* according to  
their *skilful management*:  
or *Unneffectual* by the  
*furious overdryving* of  
These, to whose care that  
work was trusted.

By this *Description*,  
the

Sir Robert Fletcher. 133

the Truth whereof was  
so fully known to all  
perswasions (yea the last  
morning of His Life, did  
He cordially pray that  
the Lord would *heal our  
Breaches*, and *poure out  
the Spirit of Love and  
Meeknesse on this divided  
and furious People*, and  
fell out in a noble *Pane-  
gyrick* on the Power and  
Exaltedness of the *Great  
Truths of our Religion*;  
and concluded, that God  
who had not denied us  
the

134 *On the Memory of  
the Knowledge of his  
Son, would never have  
envied us a clear Disco-  
very of these Opinions,  
had they been Necessary  
for His Church.) Hence  
we must conclude, that  
Now his Advantage, is  
our great and unspeak-  
able Losse: For He was  
one of a Thousand, a Burn-  
ing and a Shining Light,  
blamelesse and harmlesse as  
a Son of God, in midst of  
a Crooked and Perverse  
Generation.*

Sir Robert Fletcher. 135

O Scotland ! Doth  
None of you lay it to  
heart, that this Righte-  
ous and Mercifull Man  
is *taken away*: And who  
knows, but it is from the  
*Evil to come*. Hath not  
the Loud Cry of the  
*Judgements* of God awa-  
kened you ? And doth  
not the *Musick* of his  
*Mercies* Charm you ?  
Hath not the *Preaching*  
of *His Word* Converted  
you, nor the *Life* of *His*  
*Servants*, wrought upon  
T you?

136 *On the Memory of*  
you? Yet let the *Death*  
of *his Saints* Allarum  
you. Know! that the  
*Lord God* is angry: And  
that the *Cry of your abo-*  
*minations* is going up to  
*Heaven*: and a *Consump-*  
*tion from the Lord*, is come  
out upon you. The Power  
and Vitals of Religion  
are daily decaying, and  
the *True Seekers* of God  
are melting away as  
Snow before the Sun.  
They are the *Pillars of*  
*the Earth*, and it is for  
their



*Sir Robert Fletcher. 137*

their sakes, that the *End of Time* is not already come. Justly may we then *Fear*, that the Lord shall be gathering in those *Excellent Ones* to himself, and so *His Fury* shall run out upon us without a stop.

Therefore let me excite you to notice this great losse. And so I say to you, *Know* you not that there is a great *Man* fallen this day in *Israel*.

Here is offered to our

T 2

Con-

138 *On the Memory of*  
*Consideration* , what  
kind of *Notice* the *Death*  
of such a *Great Person*  
doth call for. Which  
that we may the better  
*Understand* , I shall re-  
move that *Great Errour*  
of many , who think the  
*Violent Touches* of a *Pas-*  
*sionate Sorrow* to be a  
*Debt they owe the Memo-*  
*ry of their deceased Friends:*  
wherein they so obsti-  
nately harden them-  
selves , That their *Wit*  
and *Spirit* is put to task  
to

Sir Robert Fletcher. 139

to Defend and Justifie  
these daily Affronts they  
receive. And if the *Force*  
of *Reason* or *Length* of  
*Time* be rescuing them  
from that Vassalage, then  
their *Vitiated Minds* be-  
come *incensed* against  
themselves : and they  
wil challenge their hearts  
of Insensibility and For-  
getfulness. Shall we then  
see how *Just* their *Sor-*  
*row* is. Will we step in-  
to a *Gallery of Heathens*,  
there shall the *Stoicks*  
teach

140 *On the Memory of*  
teach us Wisdom. From  
them may we Learn to  
look upon *Nothing with-*  
*out us, as our own*; but  
count them of a lower  
nature, and to have no-  
thing in them, that can  
render Us *truely Happy*,  
but to be so *Fluctuating*  
that when we think our  
selves most secured in the  
Possession of them, we  
are to remember, they  
may be *removed from Us*.  
And so we are to pre-  
serve Our Minds from  
the

Sir Robert Fletcher. 141

the Bondage of Passion  
and Fondnesse on ought  
that is Earthly. For an  
Opinion of *Excellency* in  
any thing, and the Ap-  
prehension of that to be  
*Ours*, doth make the losse  
of it unsupportable.

They will also teach  
us never to be *troubled*,  
For that we *cannot Help*;  
For they Believed All  
Things to be Governed  
by a *Fate*, which was In-  
evitable: They there-  
fore judged it Irrational,  
to

142 *On the Memory of*  
to be busied in a Fruit-  
lesse Labour, since that  
nor Tears nor Sorrow  
can recall the Life that  
is gone. Thus *Unchrist-*  
*ned Reason* taught these  
Philosophers to argue.  
And sure if they *Lived*  
as they *Talked*, they shall  
rise in Judgement against  
many called Christians,  
who see a *Clearer Light*,  
and yet walk in *Greater*  
*Darknesse and Disorder.*

It is no *Disgrace* nei-  
ther to *Our Religion*,  
nor

Sir Robert Fletcher. 143

nor to the Grace of God;  
to magnifie the *Morality*  
and *Worth* of the *Hea-*  
*thens*. Methinks it saith  
and that strongly for the  
*Honour* of it, to find, a-  
mong the Rubbish of  
Ruined Nature, still re-  
maining, some Impressi-  
ons of *Virtue*. But if we  
attempt a Comparison  
betwixt that *Sacred Do-*  
*ctrine* delivered in the  
*Bible* and the *Writings*  
of the more *Moralized*  
*Heathens*, you may as  
V justly

144 *On the Memory of*  
justly compare a *Fish eye*  
to a *Pearl*, or a *Diamond*  
to a peece of *Christal*: *Natures Light* being as the  
*First Dawning* of the  
*Morning*, pleasing to  
One wearied with the  
*Blacknesse* of *Night*,  
which may well delight  
the *Eye* with its *Beauty*,  
but will hardly guide the  
*Traveller* on his way.  
But the *Divine Light*,  
like the *Noon Beams*,  
which clearly discovers  
all things here below,  
and



Sir Robert Fletcher. 145

and maketh us easily discern every Object save it self, not for any dimness in its Self, but an Excessive Brightness. So after one hath been vexed, with looking on the Darknesse of *Heathenish Idolatry*, and finds in *Greece* something of a higher strain, He cannot choose but be somewhat satisfied : But will find himself little furthered. Their *Doctrines* being able excellently to inform,

V 2

146 *On the Memory of*  
form, how he is to be *un-*  
*hinged*, but Prescribing  
no foundation to *fix on*,  
nor furnishing any helps  
towards such an At-  
chievment. This is Pe-  
culiar to the glory of the  
*Latter House*, whose radi-  
ant splendour doth dis-  
cover to us, all the *In-*  
*stances of our Duty*, and  
fills our Hearts with  
true Understanding, for  
the perfect knowledge of  
every thing in our  
course. Only *He* whose  
Glory

Sir Robert Fletcher. 147

Glory it is to be *incomprehensible*, cannot be found out to Perfection. The truth whereof shall be now *applied*, to the Affair in hand.

*Religion* then teacheth us, That in this life, we are but *Pilgrims*, and *aiming at*, but not attaining, *Happinesse*: and that the very *Essence* of all Earthly Enjoyments, is to be *Transitory*. For we have no lease of *Life*, nor of the *Comforts thereof*.  
There

148 *On the Memory of*  
There is a *wildernesſe* be-  
twixt and *Canaan*, in  
which we muſt *Sojourn*.  
We muſt not then fret,  
although we have no wa-  
ter at every Station :  
But with all cheerful-  
neſs, ought we to follow  
every Remove of Di-  
vine Guidance ; For  
Here we live in Hope,  
and expect that after we  
have walked through the  
*Valley of Baca*, we ſhall  
*appear before the Lord in*  
*Sion, in that Reſt that re-*  
*maineth*

*Sir Robert Fletcher. 149*  
*maineth for the People of*  
*God.*

Being thus in the  
*Gospel* assur'd of that ap-  
proaching Glory, How  
Irrational is it, to Rec-  
kon upon our Present  
Troubles, which last but  
for a moment. No Tra-  
veller will deeply resent  
the losse of Company he  
encountered on the way,  
much lesse if he be assur'd  
to find them at home be-  
fore him: Why should  
the Death of an Excel-  
lent

150 *On the Memory of*  
lent Person be accounted  
a losse , when we know  
the Separation shall last  
but a few hours, compa-  
red with the Boundlesse  
length of that Eternal  
fellowship wherein we  
shall enjoy one another.

Further the *Gospel* tells  
us, that, all things here  
below are managed by  
the exactest Skill, and a  
well ballanced *Provi-*  
*dence.* The most despi-  
cable of Creatures, are  
no forgot by Him, much  
lesse

Sir Robert Fletcher. 151

lesse, the *Masterpeece* of  
his work, *Man*, in the  
greatest concernment  
thereof, *Life*. The *hairs*  
of our head are numbered,  
much more the *years* of  
our *Life*, the End where-  
of never approacheth but  
in the fittest and best cho-  
sen time. For we are not  
exposed, to the uncer-  
tain Chances of Acci-  
dents, nor folded under  
the *Fatality* of *Stoicks*, or  
the *influence* and *aspects*  
of *Stars*; but led by an

X

un-

152 *On the Memory of*  
unerring *Wisedome* that  
doth all things in *Num-*  
*ber* , *Weight* and *Mea-*  
*sure*. It is then but a  
well set off *Blasphemy* a-  
gainst the *Wisdom of God*,  
to be offended with his  
Government of the  
World.

Again *Christianity* in-  
forms us well *what Death*  
*is* : That it is no *Extin-*  
*ction of the Soul* , nor  
doth it carry us to still  
and dark Caverns ,  
where , in an unactive  
Drow-



*Sir Robert Fletcher.* 153

Drowsinesse , we shall  
sleep over our Time ;  
much lesse to any Vio-  
lent, though Temporal  
pains, as some dream :  
But the Instant of a  
Christians Dissolution  
is the time He shall be  
invested with all *Glory*  
and *Dignity* and possess'd  
of all *Blesse* and *Happi-*  
*nesse*. How strong a curb  
must this be to any Be-  
lievers sorrow , when ,  
without being Criminal  
in a Secret Envyng their

154 *On the Memory of*  
deceas'd Friends Glory,  
they dare not regrate his  
Death. For all their  
Complaints do carry in  
their bosome, so many  
wishes that the Ground  
of their trouble had not  
been : and *Self-interest*  
and *Satisfaction*, is pre-  
ferred to the unspeakable  
*Advantage* of him that  
is *Dead*.

Even *true Friendship*  
would command one to  
say, *Since my Happinesse*  
*cannot come at any other*  
*rate*

Sir Robert Fletcher. 155

rate than my friends being  
detained from His, which  
is a good degree of Misery,  
with all contentednesse of  
mind shall my losse redeem  
my friends Gain.

Further there be Com-  
forts and Delights of the  
Mind of a Higher na-  
ture than those of the  
Sense and Fortune, which  
can never be shaken, by  
any thing without us:  
These true Delights,  
which a well-grounded  
assurance of the Love of  
God

156 *On the Memory of*  
God doth bring into the  
Mind, are so far beyond  
all the *World* can promise,  
much more give, that,  
when weighed in a true  
Ballance, they prove  
*lighter than vanity.*

The Lord God out of  
his *Love* to Man, doth  
use all means, leaving  
none unessayed, that He  
may obtain the *Mastery*  
of the *Soul*: when *Earth-*  
*ly Satisfaction*s do carry  
on this Design, they are  
allowed us: But if they  
prove

Sir Robert Fletcher. 157

prove *Retardments*, the same reason doth call for their Removal. An absolute Belief of the *Fulnesse* of the *Love* of God, who *maketh* all things *work together* for good to *them that Love Him*, will secure the Peace of the Soul so entirely, that none of all the Batterings of Passion will brangle it. And it is by these *scorchings of Affliction* that God draws in many to dwell under  
the

158 *On the Memory of*  
the *shadow* of his *Wings*,  
where they are in safety;  
whereby they come more  
actively to attempt, and  
carry on a **Triumph**  
over all the **Entangl-**  
**ments** of **Sense** and **Passi-**  
**on**. Thus the *Foundati-*  
*on* of our **Joys** and  
**Hopes** (*the Love of God*  
*in Christ*) remains un-  
moved, however the *Out-*  
*side* of our **Condition**,  
which is but our *Exteri-*  
*our* **happinesse**, may be  
subject to **Change**.

It

Sir Robert Fletcher. 159

It is by these *Considerations* (of the Truth whereof, by the interior operation of the Spirit of God, we are persuaded) That the *Faith* and *Fear* of God, doth guard our *Minds* and preserve them in *Perfect Peace*: So that we are not afraid of *evil Tydings*, every one whereof, carrieth that *Strength* and *Evidence* with it, that to it quickly the *Assent* of the *Mind* is gained. And al-  
Y though

160. *On the Memory of*  
though the Fetters of  
*Nature* and *Passion*, not  
being wholly, while in  
the Body, broke off, they  
will as a *Hurrican*, master  
for a while the whole  
powers of the Soul. Yet  
that fury being over, in  
cold blood do they be-  
gin to condemn them-  
selves, and to annul those  
comforts of the Gospel,  
by the Force whereof  
and the Assistance of Hea-  
ven, they at length be-  
come Proof to all the Af-  
faults



Sir Robert Fletcher. 161

faults of their Enemies.  
Hither to have we  
seen, that a Raging Sor-  
row, is not the Debt we  
owe to the Memory of  
the Dead. Neither did  
David ( whose Practise  
upon the removal of His  
beloved Childe, doth  
clearly discover his Tem-  
per, upon the like occa-  
sions) intend any such  
thing when he saith,  
Know ye not that there is  
a great Man fallen this  
day in Israel. Neither is

162 On the Memory of  
a sullen negligence of the  
Providence of God, the  
Stilnesse Virtue requires.  
Betwixt these two doth  
the Writer to the He-  
brews direct, our course.  
For he wrote, My Son,  
despise not thou the Chast-  
ning of the Lord, nor faint  
when thou art corrected of  
Him. When therefore  
the Fall of a Great Person  
doth allarum us, we  
should diligently heed  
and Observe the Voice  
of it. We should hear  
our

Sir Robert Fletcher. 163

our selves thereby called  
to an *Elevation* of Soul  
beyond all Earthly En-  
joyments, and to confi-  
der how little our Hearts  
should be fixed on such  
things. May be that  
*Love* hath made us for-  
get our Work, and the  
Lord by *snatching* it from  
us doth *cover* our Kind-  
nesse; Yea, forceth us to  
it, by the retiring us,  
from the bewitching en-  
chantments of Subluna-  
ry Contentments; that  
so

164. *On the Memory of*  
so being beaten of the o-  
ther *Objects of Desire*, He  
may be unrivall'd in the  
Possession of our Heart.  
The least slip of Adulter-  
ous Love, will be ac-  
counted unpardonable  
and quench all the others  
kindnesse, or rather in-  
flame it into a Fury and  
Revenge. Thus the Jea-  
lous Eye of God, if it  
find us gadd a whoring  
after strange Loves, and  
give the *Highest* of our  
Love to the *Creature*,  
then

Sir Robert Fletcher. 165

then an Incensed Creator  
removing His Rival,  
doth loudly call us back to  
the duties of our wedlock.

And Further, then  
must we also have a just  
value of the Worth and  
Virtue of Him who is  
fallen, by numbering up  
his severall Excellencies  
which will never shine so  
bright as Then. While  
the Person is alive, His  
present Worth doth so  
choak us with Joy and  
Complacency that scarce  
believe have

166 *On the Memory of*  
have we leisure to run  
over the foregoing in-  
stances of his Life; which  
when He is Gone, being  
summed together in Our  
*Remembrance*, and en-  
deared to us, by the Pri-  
vation of our equally  
Beloved and Admired  
friend, cannot but High-  
ly increase our esteem  
of Him, That so when  
Dead He may live in  
our *Memories*; as that  
*Queen*, who, thinking no  
Tomb worthy of her de-  
ceased

St Robert Fletcher. 167

ceased King and Husband, did drink over over his ashes, and so buried him in her own Bowels.

And sure those Impressions of Love and Affection, which are outlived by the Person or worn off by Separation or distance, either, were never real, or, at most, Skindeep. For the Character of true Friendship is indelible. A Bacchick Fury, or Floods of Tears, or Languishing Fits do well prove the

101

Z

Strength

168. *On the Memory of*

*Strength of Passion*; but  
only a *Lasting Esteem* de-  
monstrateth the *Reality*  
of *Love*. Neither ought  
such resentments to be  
expressed only with *Sad*  
*Face* and *Doleful Voice*.  
But chiefly by propo-  
sing such a rare Person  
as an *Example* both for  
our own and others *Imi-  
tation*.

The *Sun* is in the *Fir-  
mament* not to be gazed  
at; but to *Guide*; and  
*Beacons* are *Lighted* not  
for

2 strength

S



Sir Robert Fletcher. 169  
for ~~Thom~~ but service. Ma  
ny run his Fate, who  
looking to the Stars did  
not mind his way, but  
fell into a Ditch. So their  
diligent attention to the  
Virtues of Another, is so  
far from provoking them  
to endeavour a resem  
blance of them, that it  
proves but a Scandal,  
while that remembrance  
galls them, either fret  
ting them into agonies  
of Grief and Sorrow, or  
benumbing them into  
Joy

770 On the Memory of  
Idle Heaviness. Thus  
as the Brazen Serpent,  
proposed for a Cure, be-  
came an Occasion of Ido-  
latry, So an Exalted  
Soul, lifted up to Glory,  
being set forth to draw  
us after it, doth indeed  
prevail over many to  
draw them away, not to,  
but from their Duty. So  
Corrupt man can suck poi-  
son from the sweetest  
flower.

It is now time to bring  
what is set down in Ge-  
neral

Sir Robert Fletcher. 171

neral to our Occasion.  
Let not then the Death  
of this Great Person  
choak our Hearts with  
that Pusillanimous and  
sordid Passion of Sorrow.  
He is not Dead, but is  
Asleep. Neither hath  
Death triumphed over  
him, but He hath obtain-  
ed the Victory. What,  
though in the Heat of  
the Combat He hath  
thrown his cloaths from  
Him, and striped himself  
of such burdensome ap-  
parel,

472 On the Memory of  
parel, which yet will be  
rescued from the Jaws  
of Death, in the last scene  
of His Triumph, as The  
Morning of the Resur-  
rection. Then shall He  
shine as the Brightness  
of the Firmament. Let  
Us not therefore Envy  
his Glory, but rather Con-  
gratulate his Happiness.  
Neither should the  
Apprehension of Our  
Misery in his being Torn  
from us Possess our souls  
with an uncomforted Me-  
lan-

Sir Robert Fletcher. 173

lanchoy. The Fellowship of our Saviour, the Supreamest of all Earthly Comforts, was, when removed, made up to their advantage that were blessed with that Mission of the Holy Ghost. Upon which Consideration, did our Saviour say, It is expedient for you that I go away. So ought we believe that no Satisfaction on Earth is so great, but can be exceeded by these inward Foyes,

174 *On the Memory of*  
Joyes, which the Graci-  
ous Lord God will be-  
stow on us, in that mea-  
sure that is most fit and  
expedient for us. La-  
bour we therefore seri-  
ously a subjection of  
Mind, to the Good, Ac-  
ceptable and Perfect will  
of God.

Let his Memory also  
be dear and precious to  
us, and we stirred up to  
Active Attempts after  
those Virtues He pos-  
sessed. Was He Meek,  
Humble,

Sir Robert Fletcher. 175  
Humble, Temperate, Cha-  
ritable, Patient, Pious  
and Devout: Let Us  
not onely flautingly  
Talk of those Excellent  
Graces, but silently Stan-  
dy the Practice of them.  
Let the Impious and im-  
pudently Wicked be  
ashamed, and be You re-  
membered by the death  
of this Great Man, that  
you must all once die, and  
after that come to Judge-  
ment. Me thinks this  
Thought should start

A a      you



176. *On the Memory of*  
you and stop your car-  
reer, lest you drive in-  
to these unquenchable  
*Flames* ere you be aware.  
Learn you that are fatif-  
fied with the Praise of  
*being no ill men*, from the  
Example of this Great  
One, not to *Halt betwixt*  
*two Gods*. You must ei-  
ther love God or Mammon.  
It was said by Him,  
that spoke never amisse,  
*He that is not with me is*  
*against me.* Be therefore  
*Holy, as your God is Holy :*  
and



Sir Robert Fletcher. 177  
and be ye Followers of  
this blessed Disciple, as he  
was a Follower of Christ.

You also that are entered into the School of Christ, Be not as Babes, ever Learning, and never coming to the Knowledge of the Truth: But go on to Perfection. Be not Crippl'd with, or detain'd under, the Pedagogy of Forms; but Imitate this Great Man, by Tasting and Feeling the Power of the Divine Life,

178 On the Memory of  
transforming and unit-  
ing your Souls unto  
God. And Love one  
another, and let nothing  
be done through Strife  
or Vain-glory. Learn  
that Wisdom that is from  
above, which is first pure,  
then peaceable, gentle and  
easie to be entreated, full  
of mercy and good fruits,  
without partiality and  
without hypocrisie.  
And for these whose  
Souls have not overly  
tasted of the Waters of  
Life,

Sir Robert Fletcher. 179

Life, but are vigorously wrought upon by the Mighty Power thereof, seeing this Great Sould with that Cloud of Witnesses that are passed into Glory, they will be animated to run with Patience that race, that is set before them. Forasmuch then as Your Labour is not in vain in the Lord, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, alwayes abounding in the Work of the Lord.

It is now time to Conclude

180 *On the Memory of*  
*clude*, for I doubt not but  
upon such a *Speaking Oc-*  
*current* as this, Every one  
will be ready to supply  
themselves, with such fit  
and suitable *Considerati-*  
*ons*, as may most con-  
duce toward that End  
we all ought to aim at.  
So that I shall need to  
say no more, but know  
ye not, *That there is a*  
*Great Man fallen this day*  
*in Israel.*

MUSEVM  
BRITAN  
NICVM

F I N I S.

